



10¢

MAR



CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN

GREAT SCOTT!
WE'VE BEEN HURTLLED
INTO THE FUTURE—
AND NOW WE HAVE TO
FACE THIS INVINCIBLE
BEAST OF TOMORROW!



Featuring **"THE
DOOMED WORLD
of TOMORROW!"**
AND INTRODUCING
**COSMO,
THE CHALLENGERS'
SPACE PET!**

Mickey Mantle Makes This Promise To You!

We Will Give You The MUSCLE POWER Of A CHAMP!



YOGI BERRA used to be called "Fats"—until he got into all kinds of sports and learned how to play to win! That's how he got the reputation as one of the toughest competitors in major league baseball!



"You're too small and skinny to play championship basketball", they told BOB COUSY. But Bob showed them it's your SPEED and TRAINING that count. Now this great basketball star will share his training secrets with you!



JOE LOUIS was a poor boy—and they tried to push him around. But Joe developed his shoulders, footwork and timing. *"If nobody else could stay in the ring with him. Now Joe will teach YOU how to defend yourself!"*

"That's right! Joe Louis, Yogi Berra, Kyle Rote, Bob Cousy, and I absolutely *promise* to give you the kind of he-man body you've always wanted! We'll ripple your **WHOLE BODY** with rock-hard muscle...give you lightning-fast reflexes...show you how to win in any situation! Our staff of 24 great stars will give you the 'know-how' to train at home to be a star in your favorite sport."

Mickey Mantle

**Get Started NOW
for just 25¢**

"Stop being 'Pushed Around' because you're FLABBY...SKINNY...or SLOW! We trained ourselves to be champs...and we'll show you how to do the same!"

Your name and address on the coupon below plus just 25¢ is all it takes to get you started on this amazing low-cost Champions' Program. Just as soon as we hear from you, the big, new 40-page TRAINING SECRETS MANUAL will be on its way. It contains over 60 terrific action photographs of the great sports stars who will be your instructors, plus more than 200 valuable tips on judo, boxing, baseball, football, basketball, track and field. In it, Mickey Mantle tells how to boost your batting average...Kyle Rote gives you some great passing tips...Bob Cousy shows how to work magic with a basketball...Joe Louis tells how to fight a guy who's bigger than you. And Black Belt instructor Cliff Freeland, America's greatest authority on JUDO, gives you secrets of self-defense he has taught FBI men and paratroopers—tips that

make even a "little guy" *commando* tough!

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How about it? Are you ready to be a top athlete—and look the part? Ready to start playing to win? Mail the coupon today. The champs are waiting to hear from you!



NEW! JUST OUT!

Giant Power
Package with
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secrets, plus tips
on how to WIN
in BASEBALL,
FOOTBALL,
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FREE GIFT! if you act NOW!

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Dear Champs:

Here's my 25¢. Rush me TRAINING SECRETS MANUAL, plus PHYSICAL FITNESS TESTS—FREE. Also tell me how I can become a top athlete and look the part.

NAME..... AGE.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

BIZARRE FOREWARNINGS FAILED TO DAMPEN THE SPIRIT OF THE CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN AS THEY TRAVELED THE EERIE JUNGLE TRAILS OF AN OMINOUS ISLAND! BUT WHEN THE ENTIRE TEAM FOUND ITSELF SNARED IN STRANGE TRAPS IT DID, INDEED, APPEAR THAT THE FORCES OF THE UNKNOWN HAD FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH THEM—AND ONLY THE INCREDIBLE POWERS OF THEIR NEW LITTLE PET FROM SPACE COULD HELP THEM OVERCOME...

CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN

the MENACE OF MYSTERY ISLAND

THOSE WEIRD BEAMS ... COMING FROM THAT STRANGE ANIMAL'S PAWS... THEY'RE KNOCKING THE GUNS RIGHT OUT OF OUR HANDS!

IT'S COSMO, OUR LITTLE SPACE FRIEND, MEN-- HE'S TRYING TO RESCUE US! LET'S GIVE HIM AN ASSIST...

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CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN



THE ROAR OF JET ENGINES BOOMS THROUGH THE CARIBBEAN SKY AS ACE MORGAN PILOTS HIS CHALLENGER FRIENDS AND JUNE ROSSING TO A SPECIAL DESTINATION...

A TROPICAL ISLAND! I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE I'VE INHERITED IT, BOYS!

IT WAS VERY THOUGHTFUL OF YOUR UNCLE, JUNE! IT WILL MAKE A SWELL VACATION SPOT FOR OUR TEAM!



IT SURE WILL, ACE-- IF ALL THOSE RUMORS ABOUT MYSTERIOUS OCCURRENCES ON THE ISLAND PROVE FALSE!

OH, COME NOW, JUNE-- SURELY YOU'RE NOT ONE TO BELIEVE IN THOSE FISHERMEN'S WILD TALES...

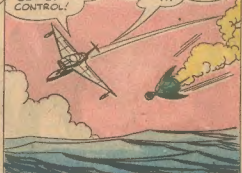


HEY--LOOKIT! A FALLING METEOR... NO... IT'S A SPACE CAPSULE!

YOU'RE RIGHT, ROCKY! BUT UNLIKE ANY I'VE EVER SEEN--RETRO ROCKETS ARE TRYING TO BREAK ITS SPEED!

SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG-- THE THING'S SMOKING... AND OUT OF CONTROL!

IT'S GOING TO DITCH! LET'S GET DOWN AND SEE IF WE CAN SALVAGE IT!



MOMENTS LATER, AS THE CHALLENGERS' AMPHIBIAN LANDS...

WE'RE IN LUCK, PROF-- THE CAPSULE'S FLOATING!

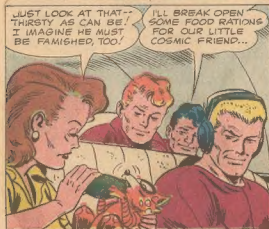
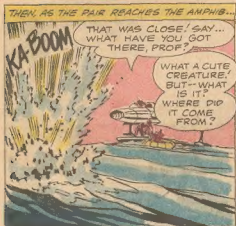
LET'S BREAK OUT THE RAFT AND GET OVER THERE, RED!

AND UPON REACHING THE CAPSULE...

I...DON'T KNOW, RED...

P-PROF! WHAT IS IT?





HOURS LATER, AS THE JET DROVES OVER A DESOLATE CARIBBEAN ISLAND...

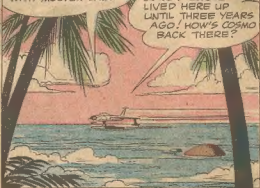
WELL, WE'RE AT THE RIGHT LONGITUDE AND LATITUDE-- THERE'S JUNE'S INHERITANCE BELOW!

SAY, THERE ~~IS~~ A LIVE VOLCANO-- IT'S BEGINNING TO ERUPT AGAIN! THOSE FISHERMEN WERE RIGHT ABOUT THAT, ANYHOW!



MAYBE WE SHOULD BIDE OUR TIME, ACE-- YOU CAN'T REASON WITH MOLTEN LAVA!

I THINK WE'RE PRETTY SAFE, RED-- AFTER ALL, JUNE'S UNCLE LIVED HERE UP UNTIL THREE YEARS AGO! HOW'S COSMO BACK THERE?



ASLEEP LIKE A LAMB!

THEN LET'S LEAVE HIM HERE TO CATCH UP ON SOME SHUT-EYE WHILE WE EXPLORE THE ISLAND!



SHORTLY, AS JUNE AND THE CHALLENGERS STAND ON THE BEACH...

ZOWIE! MAYBE THERE IS SOMETHING BEHIND THOSE WEIRD STORIES WE HEARD ABOUT THIS PLACE! THAT JUNGLE SURE GIVES ME THE CREEPS...

H-HEY! LOOK OUT!



S-SOMETHING'S TRYIN' TO ATTACK US...



EEEEEEK!

H-HUH...? THERE'S... NOTHING THERE!

IT WAS A VISUAL ILLUSION, ROCKY-- JUST A WEIRD FORMATION OF THE MIST!





CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN



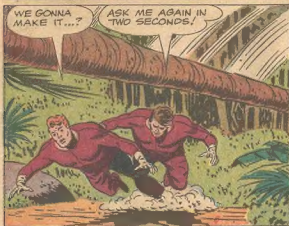
LOOK--TWO PATHS LEADING INTO THE INTERIOR! WONDER WHICH ONE LEADS TO THE SUMMER COTTAGE WHERE JUNE'S UNCLE STAYED?

LET'S SPLIT UP AND FIND OUT! PROF AND I'LL GO THIS WAY! YELL IF YOU HIT PAY DIRT!

AND LATER, AS PROF AND RED MAKE THEIR WAY INTO THE EERIE INTERIOR...

I-I FEEL LIKE SOMEONE...OR SOMETHING'S WATCHING US FROM THE JUNGLE, PROF... BUT I CAN'T SEE IT...

RED! THAT PALM TREE... IT'S TOPPLING...



WE GONNA MAKE IT...?

ASK ME AGAIN IN TWO SECONDS!



WOW! FROM HERE ON IN, I'M ON BORROWED TIME, PROF!

I CAN'T FIGURE IT, RED--STRONG-ROOTED TREES DON'T JUST KEEL OVER LIKE THAT!



WELL, THIS NUMBER DID! COULD BE IT WAS LOOSENED BY ONE OF THOSE TROPICAL STORMS!

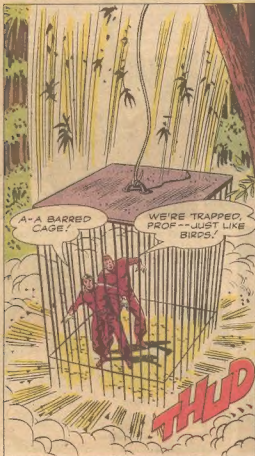
WELL, LET'S MOVE ON!

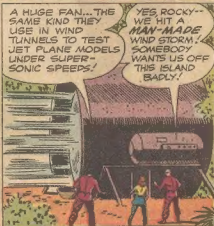
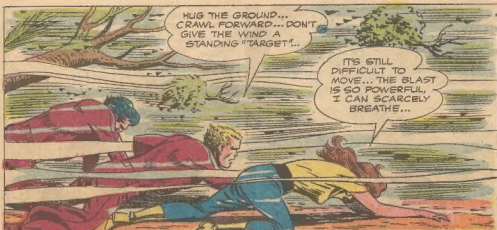


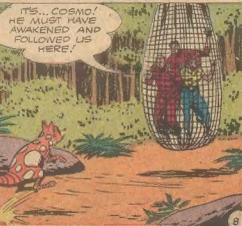
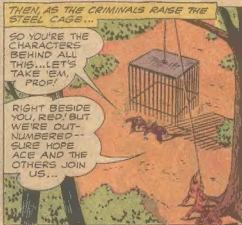
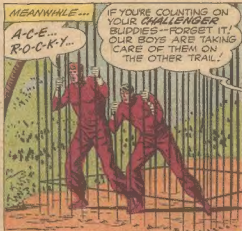
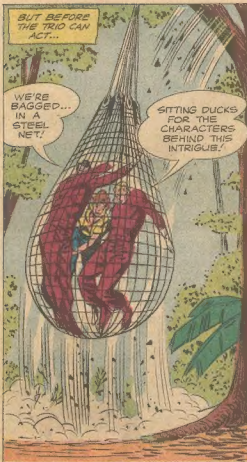
FOLLOWING THE WINDING TRAIL THROUGH THE EERIE JUNGLE, THE PAIR SOON FIND THEMSELVES BEFORE...

THE LIVE VOLCANO! LET'S CLEAR OUT OP HERE, PROF!

SNIFF! OIL! EVER HEAR OF A VOLCANO SPEWING FORTH OIL LAVA, RED?









CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN



THEN TO THE BEWILDERMENT OF A...

WELL, YOU LOOK AT
THE LITTLE CHARACTER
HE'S LITERALLY
TEARING THE
STEEL STRANDS
APART WITH
HIS TEETH

IF WE
WERE
GOING TO
FALL

WELL, AT
LEAST WE'RE
FREE
THANK TO
OUR LITTLE
SPACE
FRIEND!

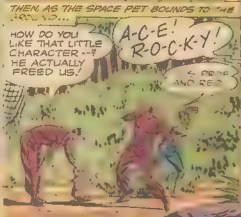


THEN, AS THE SPACE PET BOUNDS TO THE...

HOW DO YOU
LIKE THAT LITTLE
CHARACTER --?
HE ACTUALLY
FREED US!

A-C-E!
R-O-C-K-Y!

AND RED



THEY MUST
BE IN REAL
TROUBLE

CHECK, JUNE! BUT THERE'S
A DENSE JUNGLE
BEHIND US. TWO
TWO HOURS TO RETRACE
OUR STEPS AND FIND
THEIR PATH.



THEN TO THE AMAZEMENT OF THE TWO

LOOK AT HOW
THOSE STRANGE
BEAMS COME
FROM HIS EYE.

THEY SEEM TO BE
CONCENTRATING THE
BEAMS WITH THEIR
A PATH RIGHT THROUGH
THE FOLIAGE! C'MON...





AS COSMO CUTS AN AMAZING TRAIL, THE TRIO FOLLOWS...

LOOK AT HIM SLICE THROUGH THOSE TREES! WOW... COSMO SURE HAS FANTASTIC POWERS!

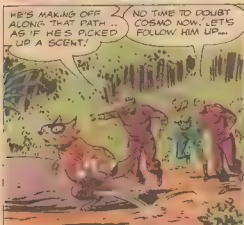


A CAGE- PROF AND RED MUST HAVE BEEN TRAPPED IN IT

BUT THEY'RE NOT HERE NOW... SOMEBODY'S TAKEN THEM AWAY!

BUT WHO... AND WHY? I-I FEEL SO RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS. IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR MY INHERITANCE...

DON'T TALK LIKE THAT, JUNE! LOOK AT COSMO. HE HELPED US ONCE... PERHAPS HE CAN AGAIN.



HE'S MAKING OFF ALONG THAT PATH... AS IF HE'S PICKED UP A SCENT!

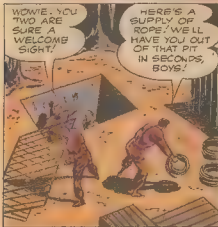
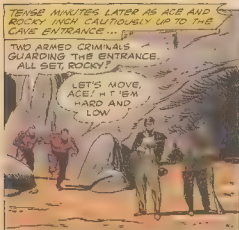
NO TIME TO DOUBT COSMO NOW. LET'S FOLLOW HIM UP...

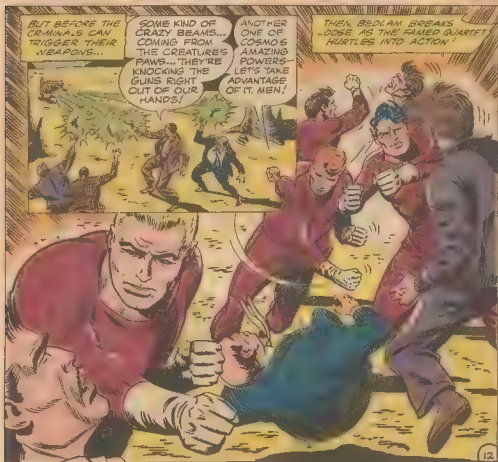
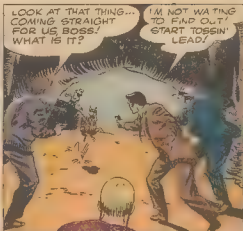
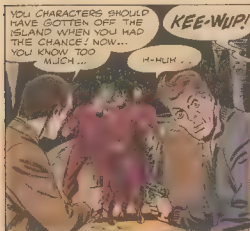


THE AMAZING CREATURE FROM SPACE LEADS THE TRIO OVER A WINDING TRAIL, UNTIL...

PROF AND RED... THEY'VE BEEN CAPTURED BY SOME CRIMINALS! BUT WHAT'S THEIR RACKET?

WE'LL THINK ABOUT THAT LATER, ROCKY! RIGHT NOW, LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN DO ABOUT RESCUING THEM!





AND SHORTLY...

WELL, THANKS TO THIS MIGHTY LITTLE MITE, WE HAVE TH'S GANG ON ICE! WE'RE SURE GOING TO MISS COSMO!

ACE... WHATEVER ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

WELL, COSMO DID COME FROM OUTER SPACE, JUNE! I EXPECT THE AUTHORITIES WILL BE VERY ANXIOUS TO EXAMINE HIM!

I-I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT! BUT LET'S DO ALL WE CAN TO KEEP HIM, BOYS.



AND WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE, SUMMONED BY A RADIO CALL...

WELL, SINCE THIS LITTLE FELLER WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR BREAKING UP THE UNDERWORLD SUPPLY DEPOT, I THINK HE SHOULD BE LEFT IN YOUR CUSTODY FOR THE TIME BEING!

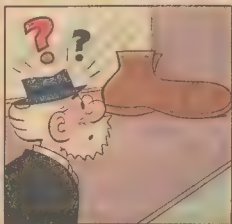
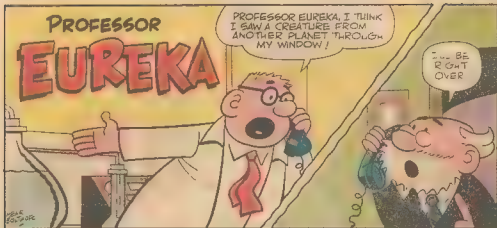
THANK YOU CAPTAIN... YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH THIS MEANS TO ME... TO ALL OF US.

AND LATER, AS THE CHALLENGERS WING HOMEWARD...

HE'S REALLY OURS... A SPACE PET FOR THE CHALLENGERS!

AND HE EARNED THE RIGHT TO BE ONE OF US, JUNE! LITTLE COSMO IS A TRUE CHALLENGER NOW.





JUST IMAGINE!

THE MIGHTIEST HEROES
OF OUR TIME...

SUPERMAN!
BATMAN!
FLASH!
GREEN LANTERN!
WONDER WOMAN!
AQUAMAN!
J'ONN J'ONZZ--
MANHUNTER FROM MARS!



A COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL
FEATURING
THE WORLD'S GREATEST HEROES
'SLAVE SHIP OF SPACE!'

...HAVE BANDED
TOGETHER AS THE



THRILLING
EXPLOITS
OF THESE
FAMOUS
CHAMPIONS
APPEAR IN
THE NEW



TO STAMP OUT
THE FORCES OF EVIL
WHEREVER AND WHENEVER
THEY APPEAR!

ON SALE DEC. 22ND!

FLIGHT WITHOUT END

ANY moment now, Cabot knew that he would be dropped from the B-52 bomber. The altimeter read he was fast approaching 50,000 feet. Once free of the mother ship, his XL-1 would climb at a 51-degree angle and keep going until he reached his destination—outer space. He wouldn't return the ship to the desert below, but eventually level off and descend. He knew where he could sell the craft for a fortune.

It had all been so easy, stealing this experimental craft from the test center, which had concentrated all its efforts on sending man higher than he had ventured before. He had stalked Major Meredith from the medical building, where he'd undergone a last-minute check-up, to his locker in the pilots' building. It had been simple, removing the major—permanently, unfortunately—and disguising himself in the major's gear. What with his helmet, goggles and oxygen-fitted space suit, Cabot's duplicity went unchallenged.

He listened attentively to the Air Force generals and technicians, issuing last-minute advice and instructions, nodding wordlessly in comprehension and agreement. "We have an engine more powerful than the eight-barrel engine we previously used, to go higher than we ever dared to hope. It's in your hands, Major. Good luck!"

And so Cabot had stepped lithely into his cockpit, watched the mechanic slide and fasten the cowlings overhead. Moments later, he was airborne, cradled under the B-52.

He glanced now at the dials. Altitude, 50,000 feet. Speed, 2,295 miles an hour. The release button on the instrument panel glowed. It was time to be cut free, free to speed off on his own . . . to his lone glory and fortune.

For moments he raced weightless through the light blue of the sky as the needle-tip of his plane pointed upwards. He saw the earth bend beyond him, listened to the chatter streaming into his earphones from the ob-

servers below, questioning him on the performance of the ship, cheering him on. Yes, he smirked, cheering him on! And then he was in the very deep blue of extreme altitude. The voices grew fainter. He wrenched the earphones from his head and shattered them on the floor of the cockpit. He didn't need their encouragement or advice anymore.

Cabot was surprised that he had no feeling of acceleration. Instead, there was a definite sensation of going almost straight up. He shot a glance at the instrument panel. The needle had reached the end of the arc, quivering at the 100,000 feet mark. How high was he? Cabot wondered. The speed gauge no longer was registering, having come to a stop at the maximum 4,000 miles an hour. How fast was he going, he thought as fear beaded his brow. Endless time passed. Maybe it was time to take her down to orient himself. Cabot flipped all the switches on the panel. Unresponding, the ship kept nosing upwards. Cabot tasted the salty perspiration running down his face. And, suddenly, the ship leveled off, holding steady. He was aware that he was gasping with labored breath. But it was a reaction of immense relief.

He must be far enough now to come down without risk of discovery and arrest, he thought. He moved to cut his speed and go into a decline. But nothing happened. He seized the broken earphones, tried to reopen communications with the ground, but there was only silence. And then he noticed the fuel gauge. It was empty. How could the ship stay aloft?

With the sickening sensation of panic, he forced his eyes to read *O.P.* lettered above one of the buttons he'd casually flipped. Orbital Position! The XL-1 could fly with or without pilot! On fuel or on . . . on solar batteries, which derived its limitless energy from the sun! Just before Cabot collapsed from the fright that overwhelmed him, he realized he would be revolving around the sun for the rest of his doomed life.



CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN

THROUGH THE
TIME BARRIER THEY
FLASHED, THESE
FOUR DEATH-
DEFERS OF THE
20TH CENTURY!
BUT 300 YEARS
IN THE FUTURE,
THEIR FATE
SEEMED TO BE
SEALED--FOR
THE FAMED
CHALLENGERS
OF THE UNKNOWN
WERE TRAPPED IN...

the DOOMED WORLD OF TOMORROW

IT'S ONE OF THE
COSMIC CREATURES!
AND ONLY THAT
VOLT-RAY GUN
LENROY IS
AIMING CAN
KILL IT!

YEAH! BUT IF HE
FIRES IT, WE'LL
ALL BE KILLED!



CARVED DEEP IN THE ROCKIES IS THE CAMOUFLAGED CAVE THAT SERVES AS HEADQUARTERS FOR THE CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN!

OKAY, MEN, THE SHIP IS IN APPLE-PIE ORDER!



NOW WE'RE READY FOR ANY--
HUI? WHAT'S THAT THING
THAT JUST FLOATED
THROUGH THE ENTRANCE?

A STRANGE,
GLOWING
BUBBLE.

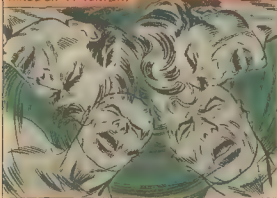


SILENTLY, THE
EERIE SPHERE
FLOATS CLOSER
AND CLOSER TO
THE ALSO
POLOING THEM
ABRUPTLY...

KARABOOM



PROPELLED BY VIOLENT SHOCK WAVES, THE
FOUR MEN FEEL THEMSELVES WILDLY SPUN
THROUGH A VORTEX!

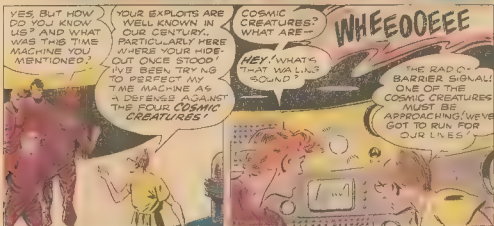


WHEN THEY RECOVER THEIR SENSES...

WOW! MY
ACHING
HEAD!
WHAT
HIT US?

I DON'T KNOW PROF
BUT IT BLEW US CLEAR
OUT OF CHALLENGER
MOUNTAIN! AND
LOOK WHERE WE
LANDED!

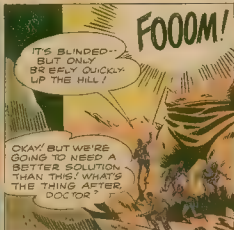






ARRRGHH!

WE GOUGH,
OLD BETTER
LOSS THAT
BOMB- AND
FAST!



FOOOM!

IT'S BLINDED--
BUT ONLY
BRIEFLY QUICKLY
UP THE HILL!

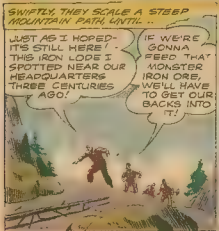
OKAY! BUT WE'RE
GOING TO NEED A
BETTER SOLUTION
THAN THIS! WHAT'S
THE THING AFTER
DOCTOR?

SELENIUM! OUT IN
SPACE WHERE THEY
ORIGINATED, THE
CREATURES SUBSIST
ON THAT ELEMENT!
AND THEY'LL SMASH
ANYTHING LOOKING
FOR IT!

SELENIUM?
HEY, SNT T
OFTEN FOUND
IN METEORIC
IRON DEPOSITS?
FOLLOW ME!



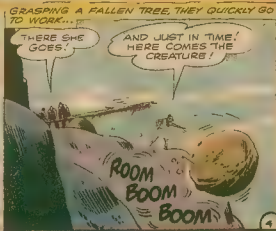
CRASH



SWIFTLY, THEY SCALE A STEEP
MOUNTAIN PATH, UNTIL...

JUST AS I HOPED--
IT'S STILL HERE!
THIS IRON LODE I
SPOTTED NEAR OUR
HEADQUARTERS
THREE CENTURIES
AGO!

IF WE'RE
GONNA
FEED THAT
MONSTER
IRON ORE,
WE'LL HAVE
TO GET OUR
BACKS INTO
IT!



GRASPING A FALLEN TREE, THEY QUICKLY GO
TO WORK...

THERE SHE
GOES!

AND JUST IN TIME!
HERE COMES THE
CREATURE!

ROOM
BOOM
BOOM

THERE *MUST* BE SELENIUM IN THAT ORE, THE WAY IT'S DEVOURING IT! HERE GOES SOME DESSERT!

IT'S HAD ENOUGH! NOW IT WILL RETIRE QUIETLY FOR AWHILE...GIVING US A CHANCE TO SEE IF IT DAMAGED MY TIME MACHINE!



CIRCLING THE MOUNTAIN, THEY BEGIN TO DESCEND WHEN..

FELLERS! LOOK OVER THERE! A MONUMENT--TO US. IN THE 23RD CENTURY! WHAT A THRILL!

IF I CAN DUPLICATE THE ACCIDENT TO MY MACHINE, YOU'LL SHORTLY BE BACK IN YOUR OWN CENTURY!



BUT, BACK IN THE LAB...

OH, THIS IS DREADFUL! THE TIME MACHINE NEEDS REPAIRS! BUT IN LESS THAN 24 HOURS THE WHOLE AREA IS DUE TO BE EVACUATED!

YOU MEAN BECAUSE OF THOSE COSMIC CREATURES? WHERE WILL THE POPULATION GO? TO ANOTHER PART OF THE COUNTRY?



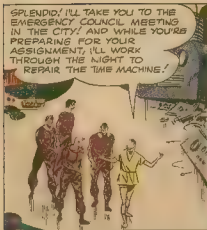
NO! THE WORLD IS NOW TOO HEAVILY POPULATED FOR THAT! I HAD HOPED TO EVACUATE THE POPULACE INTO THE PAST BUT NOW A MASS EXODUS INTO SPACE IS PLANNED! WHEN THE VOLTI-RAY HAS DESTROYED THE CREATURES, THE SHIPS WILL RETURN!

WHY ISN'T THAT WEAPON USED WITHOUT EVACUATING THE PEOPLE?

BECAUSE THE VOLTI-RAY HAS SIDE EFFECTS WHICH WOULD DESTROY OUR POPULATION! ONLY A HANDFUL OF VOLUNTEERS WILL REMAIN BEHIND TO UNDERTAKE THIS HAZARDOUS JOB!

AS LONG AS WE'RE TRAPPED IN YOUR CENTURY, WE MIGHT AS WELL BE YOUR VOLUNTEERS! DANGER IS OUR BUSINESS!





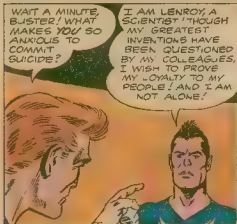
SPLENDID! I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE EMERGENCY COUNCIL MEETING IN THE CITY! AND WHILE YOU'RE PREPARING FOR YOUR ASSIGNMENT, I'LL WORK THROUGH THE NIGHT TO REPAIR THE TIME MACHINE!



LATER, AT THE COUNCIL SESSION...

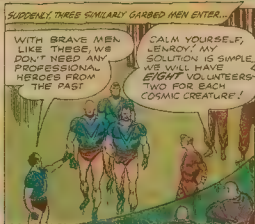
WHAT AN INSPIRING NOTION! THE FAMED CHALLENGERS OF THE 20TH CENTURY WILL SAVE OUR PEOPLE!

BUT WE DON'T NEED ANY GHOSTS FROM THE PAST TO SAVE US! I AND THREE OTHERS HAVE ALREADY VOLUNTEERED!



WAIT A MINUTE, BUSTER! WHAT MAKES YOU SO ANXIOUS TO COMMIT SUICIDE?

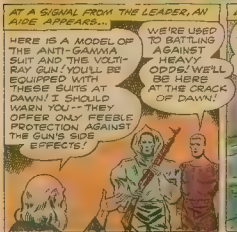
I AM LENROY, A SCIENTIST! THOUGH MY GREATEST INVENTIONS HAVE BEEN QUESTIONED BY MY COLLEAGUES, I WISH TO PROVE MY LOYALTY TO MY PEOPLE! AND I AM NOT ALONE!



SUDDENLY, THREE SIMILARLY GARBED MEN ENTER...

WITH BRAVE MEN LIKE THESE, WE DON'T NEED ANY PROFESSIONAL HEROES FROM THE PAST

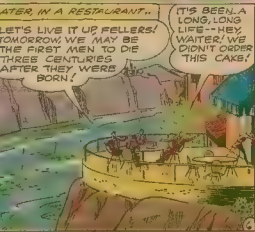
CALM YOURSELF, LENROY! MY SOLUTION IS SIMPLE. WE WILL HAVE EIGHT VOLUNTEERS-- TWO FOR EACH COSMIC CREATURE!



AT A SIGNAL FROM THE LEADER, AN AIDE APPEARS...

HERE IS A MODEL OF THE ANTI-GAMMA SUIT AND THE VOLTRAY GUN! YOU'LL BE EQUIPPED WITH THESE SUITS AT DAWN! I SHOULD WARN YOU-- THEY OFFER ONLY FEEBLE PROTECTION AGAINST THE GUN'S SIDE EFFECTS!

WE'RE USED TO BATTLING AGAINST HEAVY ODDS! WE'LL BE HERE AT THE CRACK OF DAWN!



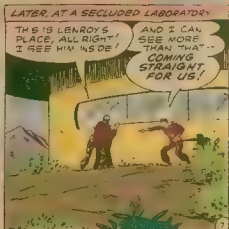
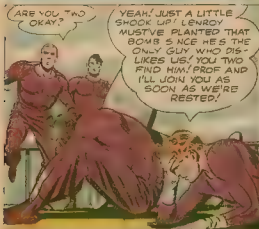
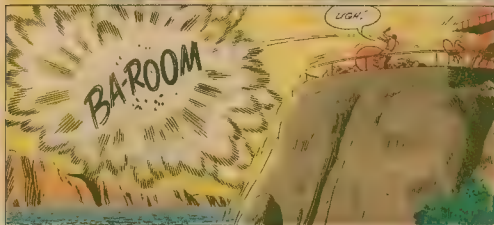
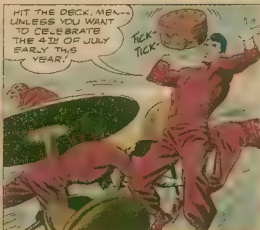
LATER, IN A RESTAURANT..

LET'S LIVE IT UP, FELLERS! TOMORROW, WE MAY BE THE FIRST MEN TO DIE THREE CENTURIES AFTER THEY WERE BORN!

IT'S BEEN A LONG, LONG LIFE--HEY, WAITER! WE DIDN'T ORDER THIS CAKE!



CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN





CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN



FOR DEFEATING
LENROY YOU
SHALL DIE!

WE DIDN'T VOLUNTEER
TO DIE LIKE *THIS!*
ACE, I'LL TAKE THE
ONE ON THE RIGHT!



OW! HE'S GOT
A JAW LIKE
STEEL!

POW

UGH! AND THIS GUY'S
FIST IS MADE OF THE
SAME MATERIAL!



HEY--HE'S LIFTING
ME LIKE I WAS A
TOY! ROCKY, THESE
THINGS AREN'T
HUMAN! THEY'RE
ROBOTS!



AND WHEN THEY ARE SET DOWN
BEFORE LENROY...

SO YOU GUESSED MY
SECRET-- THAT MY
'VOLUNTEERS' ARE
ROBOTS! I PER-
FECTED! WHERE
ARE YOUR TWO
FRIENDS?

ER--YOUR
BOMB DE-
STROYED THEM,
OF COURSE!
NOW SUPPOSE
YOU TELL US
WHAT KIND OF
MONSTROUS
GAME YOU'RE
PLAYING!



MY ROBOTS FOLLOW MY
EVERY COMMAND! ONCE
WE'VE KILLED THE
COSMIC CREATURES
AND BECOME HEROES,
I WILL CONTROL THESE
THREE GREAT--
MEN! HA, HA, HA,

AND FOUR
VOTES ARE
BETTER
THAN ONE,
ON ANY
COUNCIL!
VERY
'LEVER'





CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN



AT A CRISP COMMAND, THE ROBOTS BIND THE CHALLENGERS! THEN...



NOW WE HAVE TO MAKE FINAL PREPARATIONS FOR OUR BATTLE WITH THE CREATURES AT DAWN! BUT I'LL LEAVE A GUARD HERE!

MINUTES LATER, A WHISPERED CONFERENCE TAKES PLACE...



RED AND PROF WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE AND THEY'LL WALK RIGHT INTO A TRAP!

WE'VE GOT TO WARN THEM--SOMEHOW!

HEY, ROBOT! HOW ABOUT GIVING ME A CIGARETTE FROM MY PANTS' POCKET!

I DON'T MIND SAVING YOUR LAST HOURS MORE COMFORTABLE!

HOW DOES A CIGARETTE FIGURE IN ACE'S PLANS?



AT THAT VERY MOMENT...

ACE AND ROCKY-- PRISONERS LETS GO IN AND PLASTER THAT GUARD!

HOLD IT, RED! LOOK AT THE WAY ACE IS PUFFING FURIOUSLY ON THAT CIGARETTE! HEY--DON'T YOU GET IT?

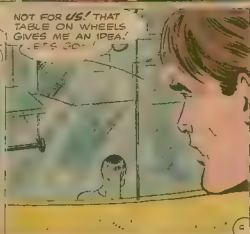


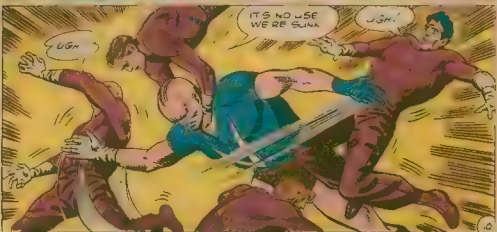
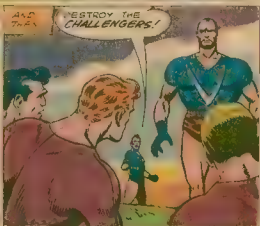
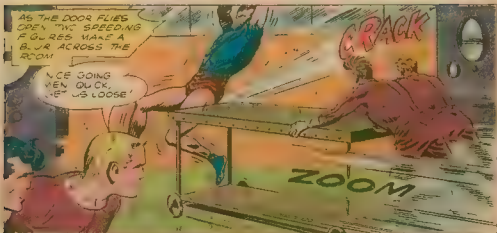
IT'S THE OLD INTERNATIONAL CODE! HE'S MAKING GLOWING DOTS AND DASHES WITH LONG AND SHORT PUFFS. V-O-L-U-N-T-E-E-R-I-S R-O-B-O-T.

OH-OH-- MECHANICAL MAN. THAT SPELLS TROUBLE



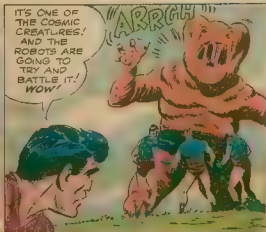
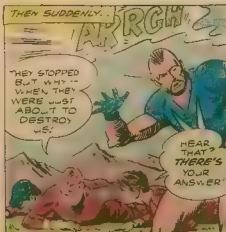
NOT FOR US! THAT TABLE ON WHEELS GIVES ME AN IDEA! LETS GO!



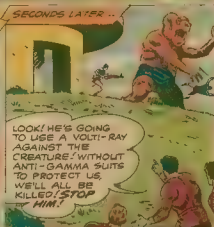
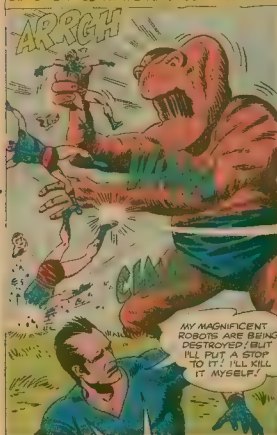




CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN

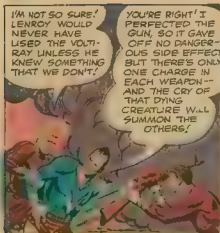


IN A MOMENT, THE AIR IS SHREDDED WITH THE DIN OF BATTLE AS THE FEROCIOUS FOES CLASH





CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN



I'M NOT SO SURE! LENROY WOULD NEVER HAVE USED THE VOLT-RAY UNLESS HE KNEW SOMETHING THAT WE DON'T!

YOU'RE RIGHT! I PERFECTED THE GUN, SO IT GAVE OFF NO DANGEROUS SIDE EFFECTS! BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE CHARGE IN EACH WEAPON-- AND THE CRY OF THAT DYING CREATURE WILL SUMMON THE OTHERS!



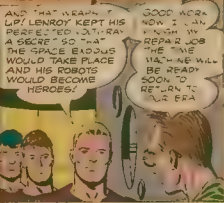
SWIFTLY, THE CHALLENGERS ARM THEMSELVES WITH THE OTHER GUNS IN THE LAB...

WE'RE JUST IN TIME! LOOK WHAT'S COMING!

AS THE THREE NEWMAN CREATURES ADVANCE



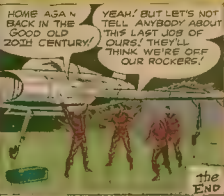
NOT LONG AFTER, BACK AT DR JOON'S LABORATORY...



AND THAT WRAPS UP! LENROY KEPT HIS PERFECTED VOLT-RAY A SECRET SO THAT THE SPACE BADGUYS WOULD TAKE PLACE AND HIS ROBOTS WOULD BECOME HEROES!

GOOD WORK NOW I CAN FINISH MY REPAIR JOB THE TIME MACHINE WILL BE READY SOON TO RETURN TO OUR ERA

LATER, THE CHALLENGERS WERE MORE FEEL THEMSELVES HURLED THROUGH A FUNNEL OF DARKNESS AND THEN...



HOME AGAIN BACK IN THE GOOD OLD 20TH CENTURY!

YEAH! BUT LET'S NOT TELL ANYBODY ABOUT THIS LAST JOB OF OURS! THEY'LL THINK WE'RE OFF OUR ROCKERS!

the END

Our AMERICAN Heritage

DO YOU KNOW THESE AMERICAN HEROES AND HEROINES? (ALL HEROES WERE PANEL 1)

THE WOMAN WHO WAS THE FIRST TO BE HUNG BY THE CITY OF BROTHERLY LOVE AND KEPT ALIVE OUR



HER WHOSE WORDS OF FIRE IN A L
PURRED THE FIRST AMERICAN ARMY TO
OR FREEDOM FROM ENGLAND

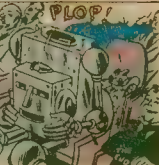
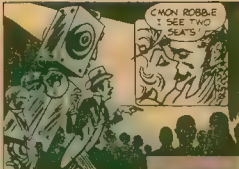
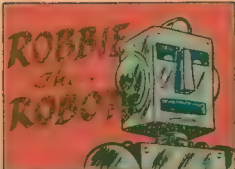
THE WOMAN WHO WAS THE FIRST TO BE HUNG BY THE CITY OF BROTHERLY LOVE AND KEPT ALIVE OUR
IS ENDSURE ON A NEW RAILROAD IN THE
STATUE OF LIBERTY



THE WOMAN WHO WAS THE FIRST TO BE HUNG BY THE CITY OF BROTHERLY LOVE AND KEPT ALIVE OUR
IS ENDSURE ON A NEW RAILROAD IN THE
STATUE OF LIBERTY



1. WILLIAM PENN
2. TOM PAINE
3. EMMA LAZARUS
4. JOHN PETER ZENGER



STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24 1912 AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3 1933 JUL 2 1946 AND JUNE 11 1960 (74 STAT 208) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION OF CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN published bi-monthly at Sports Illustrated for October 1 1960

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, National Comics Publications, Inc.; Editor, Jack Schiff, Managing editor, None; Business manager, J. S. Liebowitz, all at 575 Lexington Avenue, New York 22 N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member must be given.) National Comics Publications, Inc., H. Dorenfeld, J. S. Liebowitz, P. H. Sampner G. Dorenfeld, S. U. Sampliner, F. Iger, I. Dorenfeld, S. Iger A. Dorenfeld, J. S. Liebowitz and A. S. Herzog as Trustees for I. Dorenfeld and S. Dorenfeld, I. Rappaport and A. S. Herzog as Trustees for L. Liebowitz and J. H. Liebowitz, H. Dorenfeld Foundation, Inc. (a non-stock corp., H. Dorenfeld Pres., I. Dorenfeld, Secy.), all at 575 Lexington Avenue New York 22 N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees and other security

holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stock holder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: 228,000.

J. S. Liebowitz, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of Sept. 1960

Daniel Epstein, Notary Public

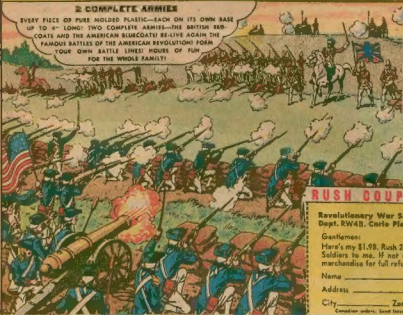
(My commission expires March 30 1961)

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